

Dragon Rituals

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Summary: Random oneshot. Could turn into multiple oneshots. Toothless and the others perform a dragon funeral to Meatlugg's dead hatchling. "Well, there is no better death than death in battle. She died valiantly, Meatlugg. She'll be remembered." Toothless speaks to his dead mother to ease his grief. Better than it sounds.

Dragon Rituals

Sadness welled up in Toothless. He lay down, accompanied with all the other dragons on the island. He pressed his muzzle to the ground, like all others were doing. The little Gronkle body was spilling blood to the floor, and one by one the dragons moved forward and licked away some of the blood. When it was Toothless's turn he licked the little hatchling gently around the neck. His ears dropped down as he respectfully backed away to make a ring with the others.

"_No! My little young one," _Meatlugg wailed to the heavens, crouching down and pressing her muzzle into the baby's neck.

The dragon's all bowed their heads around her. Linking wings, they shot to the air, Toothless able to fly, since Hiccup had let him wear his tail that enabled him to fly on his own.

Letting out cries of loss, they blew out rings of fire, symbolizing they were freeing the young dragon from their hearts, letting him enter Valhalla. The mother was the only one allowed to keep her dragon in her heart; she may have dream visions of her young " and only her.

Slowly gliding back down, they settled to the ground, facing the Moon.

They believed every star up in the sky was a dragon, glowing and flying with the Gods and Ancients.

It was culture for dragons to memorize every single star in the sky. This meant the spirits would never be forgotten and fly with them if they need them.

"_The new star," _Dreya, the Village Elder's Dreamserpent ** (A/N: Mentioned in books.) **. "_It is here."_

They followed the Dragon's gaze, and noticed a new star. "_Brightly burning," _Toothless noticed. "_A suitable spirit."_

Meatlugg had one part she had to formally take part in the ceremony: After bending down to check one last time for any sign of life, "most mother's did this; this part in the ceremony was particularly upsetting" she cut open her youngling's chest, bringing out the heart and laying it on the ground. All other dragons backed away "they were disrespectful and belonged to Hel if they were so bashful as to approach a dragon's heart which was not part of them by blood.

The mother reared up, before bringing her mighty paws down on it, squashing it to the ground, then rolling it into a pit dug by all the dragons of Berk.

"_Although her soul rests in Valhalla," _Dreya murmured. "_May her heart always belong with us."_

Everybody sat, silently. The body of the dragon was muffled by dark shadows, and the dragon's stayed in vigil.

"_Do not fall asleep, brethren brother," _A Terrible Terror nudged a dragon. "_Or all bad luck befalls you."_

When the sun rose, the body of the dragon was gone.

"_Thor and Freyja have taken her body," _whispered Meatlugg, "_so she may learn to fly amongst the Gods."_

The dragons sat, staring at the sunset, before starting to disperse. Hookfang, Toothless, and Stormfly slowly meandered off together, knowing better than to disturb a grieving Gronkle; the last dragon to do that ended up without a head.

"_Poor Meatlugg," _Stormfly looked downhearted. Hookfang made a soft noise before wandering off, leaving Toothless to deal with the sometimes violent Nadder.

"_Yes. It is a true tragedy that has befallen her."_

"Toothless! Over here bud!"

"_I will see you later. Give Meatlugg my condolences." _He bounded away, hearing Stormfly make a noise of agreement.

"Hey, bud!" Hiccup scratched him behind the ear. "Where were you this morning?"

Toothless growled in appreciation. "_Right there, yes. No, no, a little to the left, aah."_

"Do you want to go flying?" Hiccup asked. Toothless nodded, subdued a

little by grief.

Hiccup hooked him up, settling on his back after taking off the now unneeded tail that let him fly without Hiccup.

Toothless launched to the air, and as he did, he thought he saw a streak of black. Curious, he dove to the right. Hiccup let out a yell, pressing himself to Toothless's back to avoid the strong winds.

"_Dra  the," _a voice called. He recognized it instantly.

"_Mother!" _

The ghost of Dianera solidified in front of him. She chuckled, bowing a head to him. He did the same back. "_Your heart aches with grief. Let me ease it by assuring you she is perfectly fine."_

"_Thank you, mother," _Toothless bowed his head. "_Will you tell Meatlugg that?"_

The other dragon shook her head. "_Her own kin must do that. I will leave you now, Dra  the."_

"_My name is Toothless." _

She grinned. "_A fine name it is."_

"_Goodbye, Toothless."_

"_Farewell, mother."_

She disappeared. Blinking, Toothless realized Hiccup was yelling in his ear. Twisting his head around, he made an annoyed sound.

"Bud, you were out of it for nearly half an hour. I'm freezing. Come on."

Toothless craned his neck and licked Hiccup's face. "_Sorry, Hiccup."_

As he flew back, he saw a little Gronkle playing in the clouds.

"_Goodbye, youngling."_

****A/N:****

****Oh my god! How random was this? I have no idea why, but this suddenly just popped into my head. I've always been wondering what dragon's do when other dragons die; this is my guess. I suppose that they probably bury the bodies or something, but I want to make the dragons look almost human: an actual species with proper rituals and whatnot. I might make one of Mating rituals between Hookfang and another Monstrous Nightmare. Should I do it as a second chapter to this? ****

****Would you like me to make this a story with different snapshots of rituals between dragons? I think I might just do that    please let me know your ideas! ****

****IF YOU ENJOYED THIS REVIEW! I WANT TO MAKE AT LEAST ONE OF MY
STORIES LOOK SUCCESSFUL! XD****

****Love ya all!****

****Simply Cool xxx****

End
file.